

[Written in remembrance of ELMA, beloved daughter of Dr. A. J. and Nellie Ingersoll, being, on my part, little more than a versification of the actual and touching circumstances as sent me—a scene too perfect and sacred for fancy to mar.—E. M. Z.]

Elma the beautiful ! Elma the good !

Come to me now and inspire my lay,
Whilst I relate to my friends, and the world,
How Death came and took thee away.

Ah me, away from the grief-stricken home,
And with thee thy light, and the joy and the love.

Did God not have enough angels already
Up there in His beautiful home above ?

Earth has so few, and Heaven so many,
Could He not spare us our Elma, the bright ?
Into our sorrow, and into our gloom,
Now what spirit will send forth its light ?

Reader, cull out from thy heart's treasured pictures

Her that is fairest of all, and the dearest,
Her that is purest ; and think now of that one
All while this sad, sweet story thou hearest.

Elma the lovable ! Elma the pure !
Leave for a season thy home in the sky ;
Let us talk over the visit Death made
Thee, and Nellie—thy mother and I.

Reader, lay your heart's ideal low on the sick bed,
And when Elma speaks may it seem to be she.

"Mamma, what do you think, do you think
I'll get well ?
Tell me just what you think now, whatever
it be."

"No, Elma, I think that you will not get better,
And why I think this I will tell you, my dear.

You exclaimed to me yesterday: "Look, mamma, see
The beautiful faces that fill the room here.

See the beautiful girls and the beautiful boys,
Oh how bright ! and they smile, and they wink,

And they beckon to me.' O Elma, dear,
Those girls and boys were the Angels, I think.

Are you willing to have it whichever is best,
To go or to stay ?" "Yes, mamma, I'll go ;
I don't want to get well again—don't weep—
I don't want to stay any longer below.

You were kind, mother dear, oh so loving and kind,

And you gave me the tenderest care ;

And you made my home happy, but don't think me cruel

If I feel I'll be happier there.

Mamma, you said it so often last year
That that was the last Christmas all would unite,

You said that you felt so, don't you remember ?
And now it is so, mother dear, you were right.

Give my things to my brothers and sisters, I loved them,

And they were so kind and so loving to me.
Here's a kiss for each one of them, and for dear papa—

I will welcome their coming, when'er that may be."

"Elma, the Angels will come here again,
And you need not go all alone ;
They will come where they called you." "Yes mamma, I know,
And they'll make me one of their own."

She then placed her white hands in my hands,
And her meek, mild eyes set in mine:
And there stole forth the glory from in her
And veiled her with brightness divine,

Voice then was hushed, and breathing came shorter,

And the faint heart's beating was o'er.
The glory kissed here forehead, and vanished,
Peering backward, but coming no more.

Eyes without brightness, and cheek without bloom,

House whence the spirit has fled,
This is not Elma—the loved—the immortal—
This is but dust that is dead.

Thus, thus passed away from the form that was Elma's,

Tenantless house now of sweet maidenhood,
All of its life, and its light, and its spirit,
God's darling Angel, Elma the good.

O dear ones you grieve, but with tears glorified,
For you know that her soul—the immortal—
Will come to you oft in the stillness, will show you,

Life over, Heaven's roseate portal.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

Thirty minutes from Broad street station, Philadelphia. Under the care of Friends, but all others admitted. Full college course for both sexes ; Classical, Scientific and Literary. Also a Manual Training and a Preparatory School. Healthful location, large grounds, new and extensive buildings and apparatus.

For catalogue and full particulars, address,
EDWARD H. MAGILL, A.M., Pres.,
Swarthmore, Pa.

A. Talbot & Co., Printers, London, Canada.